

It always come back to Charlie
by Creative rambles

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Summary: Chicago PD, my take on Erin Lindsay's history with Charlie. The conversation I wish had happened. I do not own any and all details or characters from Chicago PD.

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Summary: November, 2002; History of how Erin Lindsay moved in with Hank Voight.

Erin opens her fridge and grabs a couple of beers. "So what do you want to know?" She hands Jay a beer and joins him on the couch. "What happened back there?" he asked, hoping Erin would shed some light on her past.

Jay would always care for Erin. Even if she did put the breaks on their relationship, he knew they would always have each other's backs, they would always be partners, best friends. After the day they had had; with Charlie being in custody, he knew Erin would want to crawl back into her hole. He was enjoying having her smile all the time, no way he was going to let her run. So, instead, he invited himself over for a beer and to watch the Hawks game, hoping she wouldn't turn him down.

Erin, just wanting to be alone to process her past being dragged up to the forefront again. But seeing Jay's quizzing eyes, and his silent sighs of frustration of not knowing, she figured it was time to tell him. Considering he heard what she had said to Charlie in the interrogation room.

Jay sighs, "I know it's bad. I'm here if you need." He brushes her arm in comfort. Knowing he should drop it. She'll tell him when she's ready.

As they sit and watch the game, Erin tries to put her past into words, trying to figure out how to explain it all so Jay would understand. She gets up from the couch to grab another beer, "Want another?" she

asks.

"Sure." he says distractedly.

She sits back down on the couch, sighs, then turns to him. "I was 15 and Annie and I were in a real bad place." she pauses.

"Okay..." He says, imporing her to keep talking.

She sighs, "Okay, you gotta understand, at that point, my dad had been in prision for years and Bunny was no where to be found. She took off six months prior and I had no idea where she was, or if she was coming back. Teddy was with CPS, and i was living on the street. Until I met Charlie." she pauses.

"Okay."

"I thought I was in love with him. I was loyal you know? He put food on the table" she pauses, "he kept the heat and lights on, considering. See I was always drunk, scoring oxy, heroine, coke. Whatever was around. He kept the drugs coming and I would pay him back however he wanted. I ended up selling for him, and when that didn't bring in enough cash," She paused, knowing the next part was going to be hard. She never told Hank this part, he just always knew, "I ended up working the street."

Jay stays quiet, but holds her hand, hoping she will continue.

"I'd get smacked around on the street and when I got home to Charlie, if I didn't make enough, I'd get smacked again. So I would fight back, which didn't help. But Annie," She stops, trying to word it right, "But Annie, she had it way worse off than me. She was dating this guy Ricky. And he was real bad to her. He got her hooked bad and would get her to OD so he could share her with his friends. When she woke, if someone didn't have a good time, he'd beat her. If she was on the street with me, and we would go score to get a break from it all. If we didn't make enough, we would score again before heading home."

She stopped talking, and just looked Jay in the eyes, hoping he wouldn't think of her different.

"Annie and Ricky moved in with Charlie and I. The apartment was a constant party. Drugs and booze, 24/7. We run out of anything, Annie and I would work the corner for a few hours, and the party would be in full swing in no time. Sometime after they moved in, I got busted for soliciting and possession. I didn't want to stop any of it and ended up making a deal with Hank and Al. I ended up becoming a CI for Hank, who was in Gang at the time. The deal was I wouldn't come to him with details, he would come to me with questions, and if I had answers, well I'd answer them. By the end of Summer, I was always high, looking for the next fix. And I was constantly black and blue."

"Well Hank, he'd always ask if I was good. But this one time, he met me on my corner, asked a couple of questions, and turned out to be about some heist Charlie and Ricky were bragging about the night before. Something about a brick of coke. I told him as much. He ended up giving me his card, telling me if I ever wanted out, call him" she chuckles, "turns out Charlie and Ricky figured out I was talking with

a cop, and told me the lie. Hank picked them both up, but had to release them. The cage wasn't around back then. Anyway," she finishes her beer, "Charlie and Ricky were pretty pissed that night to say the least, and Annie and I didn't end up scoring before heading home. See, normally when I was home, I was only for Charlie and if i couldn't score I could normally beg and he'd share with me. But that night, Ricky wanted a go, and I said no, knowing the rules. Charlie slapped me and told me to get over there. I don't remember any of it. But from what Annie has told me, I was passed around. And it was vile. Annie was having a bad trip from what she found lying around, and she ended up shooting Ricky. I found his body next to me when I woke, and Annie in the corner bawling."

I paused, "you doing alright?" .

>He clears his throat, "yeah, yeah." <p>

"Long story short, Charlie and I ended up helping her with Ricky. And the next day, I called Voight, told him I wanted out."

"And you never told Voight why you called?" Jay asked.

"No, he knew if I wanted to talk about it, I would. He always respected that. Never pushed." She got up from the couch, grabbing the empties on the coffee table and headed to the kitchen. "I'm having another, want one?" Jay chuckles, "I probably shouldn't if I want to get home in one piece." Erin grabs two beers from the fridge, and sits closer to Jay on the couch, smiles and says "Stay the night."

Jay puts his arm around her and smiles "I don't have to."

"I want you to." she cuddles into his side. They sit quietly and finish the watching the Hawks game.

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"Hey" Jay whispers, as he runs his hand through Erin's hair. She was sleeping with her head resting on his shoulder. Looking over to the alarm clock, he had a feeling they were going to be late for work.

Jay had stayed the night at Erin's apartment. Part of him wanted to leave, a part desperately wanted to say. A while back, him and Erin had a good thing going. They were secretly dating for a little more than a month. It was working out real good for them. Then one day, Voight started making comments in the bull pen in front of the whole unit, and he knew then that Erin would run.

In the year and a half that he knew Erin, if he had to pin point one thing he had learnt about her it was that she was a runner. Not in the literal sense, which she actually was, but emotionally. She ran from anything emotionally good. She dwelled on the bad and she thought of herself as bad news. He had also learnt that her heart was of pure gold. And her smile alone had gotten him through some tough times. In his mind it was simple; he was in love with her and it wasn't going to change any time soon. He also knew she was worth the wait, that they were definitely worth the wait.

Erin grumbled, "5 more minutes" as she brought the covers over her face. Jay couldn't help but laugh, knowing Erin wasn't one for mornings, or talking before her coffee.

"Fine" he said as he went to get out of bed.

>"Stay" she said as she grabbed his arm and pulled him back into bed. She layed her head on his chest and sighed in contentment.<p>

Jay layed in bed with a smile on his face, running his hand over her bare back, remembering the night before. He loved that he could spend the night were her, let her pour her heart out, and then end up in her bed just like old times, and go to work and act as if nothing had changed between them. She was his best friend, his occassional lover, but most of all, his partner who had his back, always.

"Thank you for staying" she mumbles.

"Any time"

"I figured you'd leave"

Jay lifts her chin so he could look her in the eye, "you're still Erin, nothing has changed".

End
file.